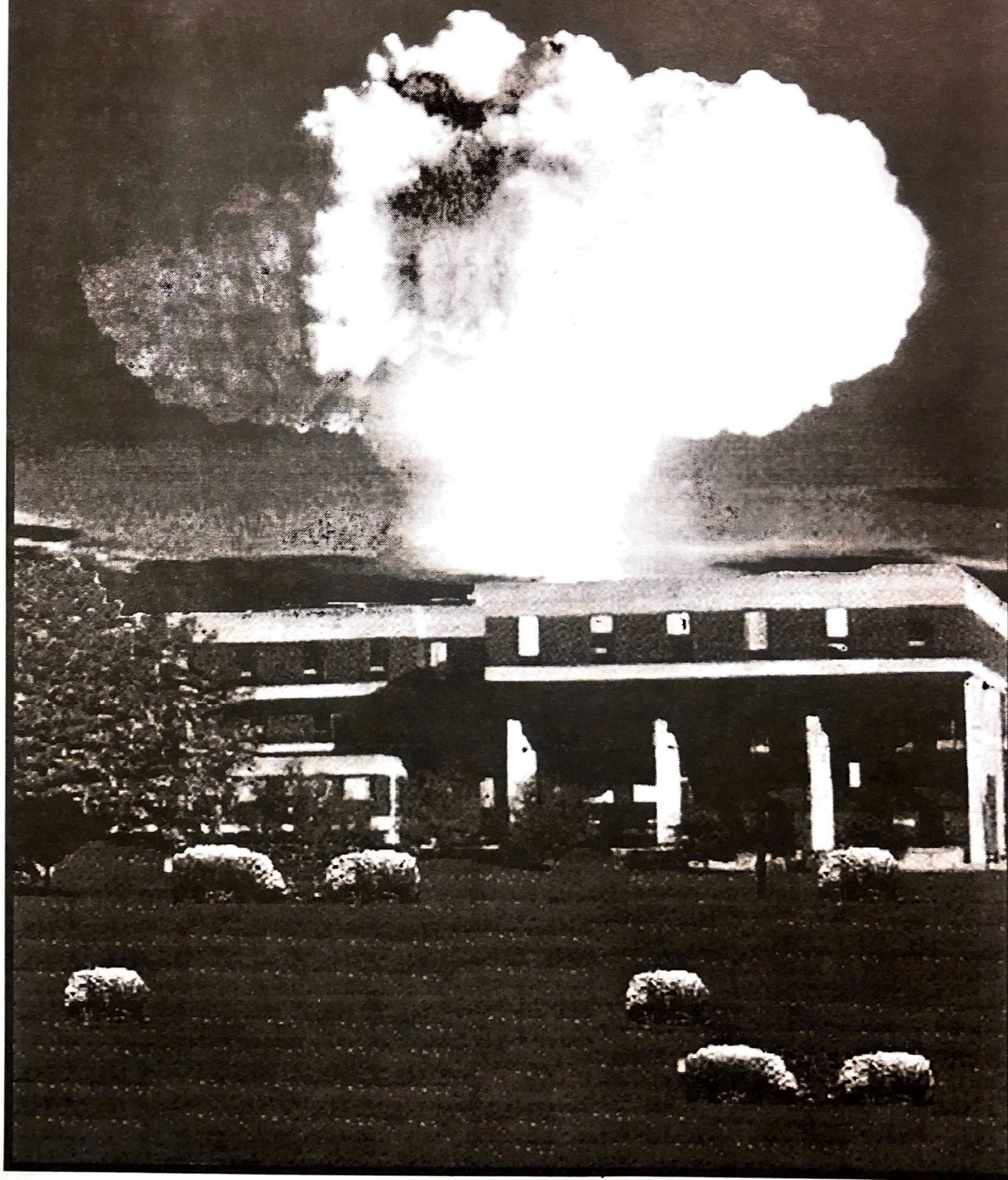


BOMB THE OMEN.



Upski Wishes to Thank: The thing I'm most ashamed of was when I cut off Molly in the middle of her argument with members of the audience. "Yo, that's details!" What Molly was saying was so beautiful to me and so gutsy that I forgot to notice how vulnerable she felt at that moment. My thinking was that if the crowd kept interrupting, it could devolve into a Jenny Jones Show situation and I decided to play the asshole in order to keep things on track. I could've asked the crowd to shut up but I was afraid of alienating them so I picked on Molly instead because I know she doesn't take shit from anyone and I just figured that if she disagreed with me, she'd tell me to shut the fuck up. Well that was a bad

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The Omen

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November 25, 1997

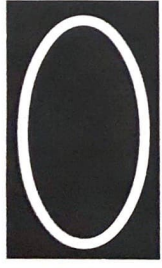
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"I realized I drank way too
much but fortunately I found a
Forward in the nick of time"

— Mat Lauritsen, Omen PR



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community.

We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say**. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Jenifer Howk (E-211, box 312) or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007)**. If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (J-304 x4641). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.

by Molly Hein

Dear Hampshire, I think I need to clarify the intentions of the speech I made on Friday, November 7th at the Bomb the Suburbs thing. My goal in revealing my personal experiences was not to set up an ideal model of behavior, or to provide factual information about controversial issues at Hampshire. Rather I was presenting my long journey as both a positive and negative example to be drawn from: positive in that I am spending considerable time and energy figuring this shit out for myself and because I am being open and honest about my progress, and negative because I have fucked up along the way, but I want people to learn from that.

I am in the middle of an awkward half-finished thought process. The only way I can explain my current thinking about race is to break down my life story, which includes both beautiful parts and ugly parts. It contains a considerable amount of defensive urban tough-girl fronting, it is deeply rooted in white guilt, it is inconsistent, contradictory and even a little offensive. **It passes through many phases: a trying-to-be-down phase, a wearing-gold-nameplate-doorknocker-earrings phase, a SOURCE-needs-me-as-a-white-ally phase, and yes, a "trying-to-get-in-SOURCE's-pants" phase.** I am not proud of all of those phases. But I am proud of my desire to come clean about having gone

through them, in order to educate others about my impractical strategies and embarrassing fuck-ups and to move on.

I regret presenting my story in such a way that made some of you defensive and caused you to shut off to the rest of what I had to say. I regret putting some of you (particularly Tizita) in the position of having to speak on behalf of your entire people because you felt misrepresented. And I regret getting so thrown off that I forgot to stand up for the validity of my story. I cut two pages and jumped straight to the end, missing the part about what happens when I work past my guilt and self-righteousness and move towards the next part of my thought process, the phase when I turn my attentions to educating myself and finding practical and responsible applications of my energy and privilege.

Ever since Friday all these people have been coming up to me in solidarity and spilling out these incredible stories about how they came to terms with their white privilege, how they manage to deal with being at Hampshire, and how they learned to get over themselves and start working on the real issues. I keep asking them to go public with their stories, to inspire people with their successes and educate them with their slippups. But every time I ask they shrink back and say "not me ... not yet." It's like no one wants to reveal themselves before they've completed their journey, before they can show themselves off as poised and practical and self-assured, before they can present clear solutions. And they're twice as hesitant after watching me publicly lay out my weaknesses and be attacked and misconstrued. No one wants that to happen to them. But there was another side to my experience:

Tons of white kids (and even a few nonwhites) have come up to me and thanked me for saying what a lot of

people have been thinking all along but have been too PC/chickenshit to say out loud.

There has been campus-wide ruckus. **People who don't usually give a fuck have been talking about this obsessively.** Stagnant lines of communication are beginning to open up. This is the first step towards achieving some actually productive conversation about race on this campus. Which is my dream come true.

35 kids have stepped forward to get up off their white asses and organize. (See Mission Statement, p.5) Which is also my dream come true.

My friends have stopped sheltering me from their viewpoints and have finally come clean about what they really think. This is both my wildest fantasy and my worst nightmare: I have been forced to take a long hard look at myself, to launch that premature midlife crisis that Upski proposed. I learned that one of my closest girlfriends who has always pretended to be supportive actually feels disgusted, offended and patronized by my attempt to take on her people's struggle. I found out that a kid I admire and respect who has always nodded and smiled at my ideas has been talking behind my back about the fact that I front like I'm from the ghetto. I'm being forced to rethink the things I've taken for granted about myself and my friends and I'm putting my carefully developed strategies into check. This is the realest, rawest form of education there is. I recommend bursting your own bubble as soon as possible.

Keep in touch. x5014. box 1241. mh96@hamp. Thanks.



EDITORIAL NO, why are all the WHITE kids sitting together at SAGA?!

better recognize because they're building a movement which I think is going to spread to campuses across the nation. Also, stop letting Motty and Eusa and Adam and them do all the fucking work. They really do want you to join them, learn from them and take their place.
All and all, I was incredibly moved by the enthusiasm and love I got at Hampshire. I loved the letters we got from many of you. Unfortunately, many of you did not have paper



by Michelle Beach

Over the last few weeks students reported numerous unwanted calls, said Derreck Elmes, Director of Public Safety.

The calls typically come late at night, the caller speaks in a whisper, taking advantage of the target's drowsiness and giving the impression that s/he is a friend. If the conversation continues long enough it will eventually turn sexual.

"The most important thing is to make

sure the Hampshire community knows if someone calls in the middle of the night to establish who the caller is right away," Elmes said. "If you are uncertain, hang up immediately."

This problem has happened off and on for several years. Elmes isn't sure if it is same person, but said there is similarity in the ways the calls are coming in. He also believes that the calls are being made from off campus.

"It is technically hard to trace

The Whispering Caller

calls in a place like this, compounded by the fact that it is pretty clear it is random who s/he is calling," Elmes said. "At this point we would pursue this as a criminal matter."

Similar problems have been reported at the other four colleges but Elmes is not sure if they are related.

"If, as a community, we hang up the caller will receive no satisfaction and will bother other places," Elmes said. "As long as they have some success, we will remain a target."



Hampshire Campus Police Log: 11/4 – 11/17

Etc.

Nov 4, 11:04 p.m.: 911 call reported from bus stop, no problem.

Nov 9, 10:50 p.m.: Enfield problem with "Assassins" game, resolved.

Nov 9, 12:04 a.m.: Library copier on third floor broken.

Larceny

Nov 9, 10:13 a.m.: Stolen Property, Merrill, Mount Holyoke College banner removed from A4.

Nov 11, 12:30 p.m.: Merrill bike reported stolen from bike rack.

Animals

Nov 5, 8:00 p.m.: Merrill/Dakin concern over dogs safety, parking lot.

Nov 9, 11:29 p.m.: Enfield, cats in apartment 65.

Nov 16, 8:15 p.m.: Enfield complaint about a dog.

Noise Complaints

Nov 6, 12:22 a.m.: Enfield re apartment 49.

Nov 7, 2:06 a.m.: Prescott.

Nov 8, 1:19 a.m.: Prescott quad.

Nov 9, 2:15 a.m.: Enfield re: apartment 71.

Nov 9, 4:45 a.m.: Prescott.

Nov 12, 1:25 a.m.: Merrill re A4, no problem found.

Nov 14, 2:35 a.m.: Prescott.

Nov 16, 2:40 a.m.: Prescott.

Drug Violations

Nov 8, 9:49 p.m.: Enfield bong removed from common space.

Nov 9, 11:29 p.m.: Enfield bong removed from common space.

Suspicious People

Nov 4, 10:35 a.m.: Unwanted person, Enfield, individual removed from campus.

Nov 4, 11:04 a.m.: Suspicious person, Dakin student with plastic gun, spoken to.

Fire Alarms

Nov 6, 5:27 p.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke in apartment 17.

Nov 7, 5:00 p.m.: Dakin, cooking smoke in K1.

Nov 10, 10:21 a.m.: Enfield, shower steam in apartment 58.

Nov 15, 10:24 a.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apartment 36.

Nov 16, 1:39 a.m.: Greenwich,

cooking smoke in apartment 20.

Nov 16, 6:30 a.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apartment 20.

Traffic

Nov 7, 7:45 a.m.: Motor vehicle tow, FPH F/S lot three vehicles towed.

Nov 8, 3:35 p.m.: Motor vehicle tow, ASH vehicle towed from walkway.

Nov 13, 1:09 p.m.: RCC student spoken to about driving.

Nov 15, 3:10 p.m.: Motor vehicle accident, West Bay Road, accident by back gate.

Nov 16, 9:03 a.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Enfield vehicle towed from circle.

Harassment

Nov 10, 6:42 a.m.: Dakin student reported receiving prank phone call.

Nov 10, 8:05 a.m.: Merrill staff member reported harassing sign.

Nov 15, 5:15 a.m.: Prescott, Enfield, several complaints of unwanted phone calls.

Nov 16, 6:00 a.m.: Campus wide, several complaints of unwanted phone call.

Nov 17, 9:48 a.m.: Dakin,

unwanted phone call.



and pen handy during the talk. For those of you who missed it, a big group of us stayed up all night in the lecture hall and talked until 3:30 in the morning and had an incredible discussion which most people liked better than the talk. We spent all of Saturday talking in the airport lounge from 10 a.m. to Midnight. You convinced me that speaking to groups is a big part of what I'm supposed to be doing with my life. Over the course of the weekend, at least ten people came up to me and shared life-changing decisions they had made. Here are a few of them:

We are a group...

of 35 students coming together to organize around the following goals:

- To make rich white Hampshire kids realize:
 - that racism exists as a structure of oppression
 - that they uphold racism and white supremacy
 - that they are privileged (how to recognize it, how to not deny it, how to use it to do good.)
 - that it's not the responsibility of people of color to raise consciousness about the above, that that effort needs to come from whites.
- To take responsibility for working against racism and white supremacy and to break down the structures of oppression that we have been complicit in constructing and maintaining.
- To change the fact that the primary way that white students communicate with students of color at Hampshire involves either treating them as spokespeople or objectifying them as subjects of Div. III's.
- To change the fact that the only way that Hampshire College communicates with surrounding communities is through the one-sided and patronizing community service program.
- To spark discussion about the elitism of a liberal arts education and to educate ourselves about other options.
- To implement a safe space for white students to discuss their white identities.

So far members of our organization have begun several sub-groups such as:

- A reading group to develop self-reliance
- A community relations group, working on such projects as expanding the Five College Consortium and the PVTa bus lines to include Springfield and Holyoke community colleges
- A programming and outreach group, bringing speakers and performers to help raise awareness about this shit (remember Upski?)
- a white students racial identity group
- a study group to examine the systematic and structural nature of racism and classism

We could be much more effective in accomplishing our goals with your input. If you want to get involved with any of these groups or start your own, contact Molly Hein at x5014, box 1241, or mah96@hamp.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK by Jacob Chabot



-This white guy whose name I can't remember from Newton, MA, is moving to Roxbury. Michael Gargem who was about to live in a black neighborhood last summer and then changed his mind said he's rethinking his decision.
 -A number of people, including Kate Levey, Mequita Ahuja, and Amy Jones, strategized ways to make their Div. projects relevant to more people.
 -This white woman from a prep school in Pennsylvania is planning to teach in the inner city this summer.

Machismo 101

by Dave Killen

I read this story the other day about this actress from the fifties named Lana Turner. Apparently she was dating this LA gangster, one of Mickey Cohen's boys, and she was working on a movie with Sean Connery (one of his first films). One day this gangster dude showed up and, jealous of Connery, tried to intimidate him with mobster style threats. Connery (aka James Bond) promptly decked him with one punch. It is this kind of overt macho display that I am here to object to.

In Mat Lauritsen's column on the so-called "Dirty Old Man" or DOM, he repeatedly seems to condone and even support such behavior as "an off-color joke," "proposition involving a kiss," and "attempt to ... proposition ... pocket change." I ask you, is it any coincidence that Lauritsen's chosen acronym, "DOM", is the first three letters of the word "dominatrix"? It is obvious where his intentions lie. **As a man, I feel I can speak for all men, including OJ Simpson and yes, Sean Connery, when I say this is not the true nature of any man.** It is people such as Mr. Lauritsen who perpetuate the lies and double standards we are forced to live with.

When men do succumb to these testosterone-injected ways, at present there is not much we can do to stop them. Progress has been made over the last few years by the way of the civil lawsuit, which, if only the

unspoken male ethics of the time had not been so restrictive, might have provided some recourse for Mr. Connery's victim mentioned above. I don't feel it is unreasonable for me to infer from Lauritsen's article that he would like machismo to remain legal. Is it any coincidence that he titles his writings "Mat's MACHISMO Corner"? I can't say but I offer it for your consideration.

For years men have been unjustly portrayed in the media, especially (coincidence?) in the James Bond films Mr. Connery is so proud of. I admit, I don't know Sean Connery personally, but I feel by watching their films it is quite easy to know an actor as if you were his friend, or a close member of his family. It is not much of a stretch, then, to extend this relationship to the character himself, in this case James Bond. Mr. Bond has obviously been heavily influenced by people such as Mr. Lauritsen, as is indicated by his more recent roles such as the somewhat DOM in last year's "The Rock." Mr. Bond is paying dearly for all those years of typically machoistic items such as Aston Martins, pretty girls and his Walther PPK.

I, too, have had my run-ins with this stereotyping of the male gender. When you have a last name that so closely resembles the word "killer" (or is exactly it if Mr. Lauritsen (coincidence?) misspells it), lots of people automatically think you must be "cool" or "bad ass". This has caused much unneeded grief for myself and doubtless all the other male Killens. When the loudspeaker announces Dave KILLER is coming

A Rebuttal

to bat, striking out is just that much more painful. In such memories I can see Mr. Lauritsen in the bleachers, laughing mercilessly. Society has burdened me with its lasting scars.

Finally, I would just like to introduce the possibility that **Mat Lauritsen is a violent macho bastard and is wrong in anything he says.** I realize as an objective journalist I should refrain from drawing from my own personal experience in this space, but I happen to know Mr. Lauritsen personally and can testify to his explosive nature. I had the frightful but informative experience of playing on the soccer team with Mat, and I can say without exaggeration that he is a ferocious beast the likes of which I have rarely seen. Whereas upon knocking over a player of the opposing team I, and most of my fellow teammates, would help him up and say "Sorry," Mr. Lauritsen would seize the opportunity to step on the downed man's back and yell "Who's your daddy?" until one of us dragged him away or he grew bored.

Mat's problem is most likely bred in, as at several of our games his younger brother Seth could be heard screaming from the sidelines for Mat to "Cheat them in the nuts" and "Hurt them indiscriminately". It is a sad happening that this man be allowed a public forum to promote his detrimental and chauvinistic ideals.

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-Adam Rice and Jennie Sheeks are stepping out to bat as a cool white organizers.
 -Lula Biss and a bunch of other people are exploring the possibilities of a Seven College Consortium to include two local community colleges, and bus service linking the community colleges.

Studs don't pick daisies

by Mathew Lauritsen

Hypothetical Situation: A big shot actor is working opposite a gorgeous blonde actress in a major Hollywood blockbuster. In the past, he has noticed her clear affection for him, but as of yet nothing has happened. One day, there is a disturbance on the set. A sharply dressed man appears with an obvious chip on his broad shoulders. It is the enraged boyfriend of the starlet, green jealousy exacerbating his goad to the point of eruption. With conflict in mind, the angry oaf strides toward our hero.

There are many possible resolutions to this scenario, though each depends upon the tactics employed by our actor. Does he allow himself to become victimized? Does he attempt to talk or buy his way out of the situation? Does he retaliate? Choose one of the following courses of action.

A. The actor immediately tells the blonde to scamper, as though he were about to give her jerk boyfriend the old rabbit punch to the belly. As soon as he sees her disappear, however, he extends a shaky hand to the ruffian and says, "And who might you be?" The boyfriend instantly grabs the pip-squeak by the throat, pins him to the ground and refuses to stop punching until the actor calls for his "mommy."

B. Seeing the violent person approach, the actor puts on a great big smile and pushes the bombshell forward, asking, "Is this the hunk you have told me so much about?" When the girl momentarily stalls the madman, the actor sneaks away, purposefully grabs the

butt of a nearby cameraman, giggles loudly, and leaves the vicinity.
C. The irate man walks up and says to the actor, **"You been messin' with my broad?"** The actor replies, **"I wouldn't dream of such a thing! Let's go get a drink at the local pub - or better yet the three of us could spend the day on my yacht; oh hell, here's five hundred bucks not to break my nose.**

Nothing happened, ok?" The boyfriend furrows his brow, sneers, and strikes the actor a ferocious blow to the stomach that is felt all the way through to the kidneys. As the man pulls his actress to his car, the actor can be heard muttering, "You'll hear from my lawyer!"

D. Allowing the would-be attacker to stand face to face with him, and smoking a cigarette, the actor asks "And what the hell would you want?" "You been with my girl!" he grumbles. Casually putting his cigarette out on the bottom of his shoe, the actor stands to his full height, and wasting not a second, smashes the unsuspecting boyfriend across the face with his iron fist, dropping him like so much spoiled tapioca.

Naturally, to all of us with correctly aligned sensibilities, the only correct answer is 'D.' Getting pulverized, play-



ing gay, and brown nosing each proved ineffective in the event of a real crisis. Suppose that you chose:

A. You are the David Duchovny type. You try very hard to act "cool," and even harder to be a "tough guy," but when it comes to it, "mommy" is the highest authority. You are probably willing to give up the best Lego pieces to your four-year-old brother in order to keep the tyke from kicking your ass.
B. If you chose 'B,' you probably identify strongly with the short, Pepsi-drinking Michael J. Fox. Though at times Mike seemed somewhat assertive in the "Back to the Future" trilogy, whenever he is put in a tight spot his voice cracks, his baby face comes out, and his pride gets swallowed.

C. You probably thought "Extreme Measures" was an action movie, and that Hugh Grant looked tough on his itty-bitty motor cycle. Light and fluffy English accents only neutralize violent situations on the Public Television series "All Creatures Great and Small."
D. As a real man, you believed Sean Connery when he said "Losers whine about their best. Winners go home and fuck the prom queen." You were right to believe him. Only with the cunning and suave of James Bond could one look an attacker in the eye, in the midst of tension, and swat him out cold. I do not blame you, however, if you chose this option only as default, picturing more an Arnold Schwarzenegger resolution involving a strong-armed headlock and many moogies.

By this clear and fairly standard test, one can assess his or her level of true machismo, the fire that dwells in the beer-drinking, football-loving heart. Power to the Alpha-DOM

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A couple of people said they'd try quitting chapstick.

-Ivana Neumann cancelled her plans to go to Nicaragua and decided to stay at Hampshire and form a reading group.

Quite a few people said they're down to check out the cool rich kids conference in the spring.

-A lot of people made new friends during conversations that sprung out of the talk. I heard that a lot of people took risks by being more honest with people in their lives.

Why Hampshire is STILL our best hope to

by William "Upski" Wimsatt

I'm writing this fast so forgive me if I go astray.

I loved our speech. I hated the things I did wrong. I wanted to say some things I forgot because I was nervous standing in front of 400 people. And I am really, really proud of Hampshire students for how thoughtfully you listened, and the things you said to me afterwards which gave me hopes that many of you are our best hope to save America's ass in the 21st century. That is why Molly and Eula and I—and now many others—are investing our energies in you. Molly was about to leave Hampshire and now she's staying. There are a lot of people and causes we could be putting our energy into. And it may sound like a joke to be told that we think you are our best hope. But we mean it. We don't fuck around. If we didn't think you were our best hope, honestly, we would be doing something else. We see through your false modesty and cynicism and insecurity. We know you want passionately to help us build a movement and a world that will make our kids proud. And point blank, we're tired of being leaders. We need you to step up and do your part, in your way, with us, now. We are open to working with people from any angle, on any level.

First let me make a plug about the cool rich kids. I was so surprised when

I asked the question: "How many of you are rich?" And 50, 60, 70 maybe 80 people raised their hands. That was incredible. That is so rare. **You don't understand, people. You don't admit you're rich in America.** That is just not done. Like I said, I asked the same question last year at Yale in a room of 200 people and only three of them raised their hands. So I was totally unprepared and I wasn't able to get the names and addresses of the cool rich kids in the house. I only got about five to 10 notes from people saying they wanted to come to the cool rich kids conference. Please, please, please, even if you don't like anything else I had to say, show this note to the cool rich kids in your life.

We're starting to get organized to talk openly about money and to strategize on how to use it for good. There is a network forming in the Boston-Amherst area called the Comfort Zone and they've written a book called "Money Talks. So Can We." (Contact Tracy Hewat and Lynne Gerber PO BOX 1280 Amherst MA 01004. 413-256-8306 x225). Another group in New York called Third Wave Fund is planning a conference for the spring which we can get you details on. All of these organizations include many kinds of cool rich people. And they're welcoming and non-judgemental, not

jerks like me. If you're a cool rich kid, or you plan to be a cool rich adult, please contact either me Billy Wimsatt (5484 S. Everett Chicago IL 60615 773-363-2519) or Molly Hein x5014 (who is a cool rich kid too) and we'll get you some literature.

Okay, enough about rich people.

Let me get to the things I did wrong. I know that some of you left our talk mad, some of you left inspired, and a lot of you left mad and inspired at the same time. The people who were mad tended to fall into three categories: 1) Racially inexperienced white people who felt attacked and paralyzed. 2) Racially experienced white people who felt they were lumped in with the other white people. 3) People of color who felt the talk excluded and reduced them.

To the first group I say please take this as a learning experience. If sitting in a room being chastised for a few hours sends you into a downward spiral of defensiveness, imagine what it's like to be a person of color having to go through that shit in a more covert form every day. That anger and paralysis you feel is a window into their experience. Use your taste of pain to understand people who really have it bad. If you're one of those people who considers yourself an open person, but wonders why most of your close friends are white and privileged too, now you know why: **You've had the wind at**

our "coolness" and admit that we have a long way to go. Some of us have spent our whole lives attempting to fight racism by being self-righteous or by trying to be "down" with people of color and pretending that we have real insight into their struggle, and for the first time we've agreed to lower ourselves to the ranks of "uncool," "clueless" whites. We think that this realization is what is most essential to our progress.

-Molly Hein

rich white kids, this is not a written rule. While our first step is to develop a foundation of knowledge and a more cohesive cultural identity within our racial group, we do not wish to exclude other races and economic backgrounds from the next stage of discussing and strategizing.

Secondly, to refer to ourselves as "the cool white kids group" or "rich kids with a clue" actually goes against exactly what we're trying to accomplish: to renounce

Side Note

I am speaking for the group of "cool white folks" and "rich kids with a clue" that has been meeting in the Yurt (see Mission Statement, p.5). While I appreciate Billy's support, I want to clarify the distinction between the words he chose to describe us and those we would choose to describe ourselves.

—First of all, although at this point the group is largely made up of

Others I'm forgetting right now and there are about 20 of you who said you'd report back to me in a couple months. I expect that many more of you will make bold decisions in your lives and find a challenging group of friends who will support you in your decisions and hold you accountable. If you don't have those people in your life right now, the cool white folks group that meets at the yurt is a good place to start. I understand that they are compiling a database of Hampshire students who are trying to do good or challenge themselves in various ways to network and collaborate. Also, if you ever want to bounce ideas off me, don't hesitate to call me or write me.

save America's Ass in the 21st Century

your back. Because you have not been exposed to many racially adverse situations, you lack the first-hand experience to understand what your friends and classmates who've had hardships are going through. I'm really glad you came to the talk. Please read a lot of black authors and continue putting yourself into challenging situations so that you'll develop more character. Then talks like this won't bother you so much. Then you'll move into the category of white people who can have real friendships with the people you currently feel alienated from. And quit torturing yourself. The whole message of my speech is that it's okay to make an fool of yourself in order to learn. Almost every white person who's ever done anything worthwhile in this country has been heavily influenced by blacks and other minorities. Kurt Vonnegut was raised by his black maid. As long as you're making an effort to learn, don't worry if something you say sounds offensive. It's okay. Most people of color are not that fragile. They've heard it all before and if you're lucky, they'll take the time to put you in check. To me, you are the most important people I could reach because you can understand and talk to the white people who I can't talk to. If you could give me some advice about how to get more white people to open up without alienating them, I would really be appreciative.

The second category of white people includes poor whites (the few that there are at Hampshire) and people who've been through a lot of shit in their lives for one reason or another. Either they were raped, or they had fucked up family situations. One white woman from Miami, Rachel, who went to a mainly black and Latin school and got her ass kicked on the regular was pissed after the speech. Sister, we wasn't

Side note revisited

To those of you who showed up to the Bomb the Suburbs thing purely on the basis of the publicity and were disappointed to find that there were all these other speakers besides Upski and it wasn't about anything fun like graffiti or terrorism and that Upski wasn't what you expected him to be, and to those of you who thought my 2nd round of posters ("Working through our

white reactionary, exclusive or at all serious; all those slogans were catch phrases that I picked up from discussions over the weekend. I was using them as reflections of where different people were at: to push people's buttons and to stir up conversation. I can't stress Billy's point enough: unless it's billed as a controversy or a demigod, y'all just don't turn out.

-Molly Hein

talking to you. You feel like: "Yo, I've been through a lot of shit. You don't understand me." To you I say good, you have a clue. Don't get mad at me. I support you. It's the golden law of IYSAUDET: If Your Shoes Ain't Untied Then Don't Even Trip. Now get out there and fight for the people who really have it bad. You are white America's best hope.

People of color, I intentionally offended you in my talk. Sorry! Obviously moving to the ghetto doesn't apply to you. By coming to Hampshire, you've already done more than your share for integration. And to the Asian sister and everyone else who raised the black-white polarity issue, I agree with you. I know you're sick of dealing with bullshit and I'm sorry to add more to your plate. But I think it was worth it. I want white people to open up, confront our biggest fears first (like our fear of scary black people), and quit playing innocent. The complexity can come later. One of the qualities about white people that Nikki explained brilliantly but that many people of color don't seem to understand: **We don't commit evil because we're ignorant and believe ourselves superior.** We're doing it because we're insecure and scared. We feel powerless and hopeless that we are capable or worthy of living in any more

satisfying way. The biggest causes of racism are white people's own self-hate and self-doubt.

To the people of color, I plead with you to get over your own insecurities with whites. Stop letting our bullshit get to you. Stop acting phony with us just because we're acting phony with you. Stop underestimating our capacity to learn under pressure. Start applying the pressure. People of color who are secure in themselves don't need to assimilate or cling to other people of color. You are the ones who have the insight and the access to change white America. The few poor people and people of color and gays I've encountered who've had the guts to challenge me honestly and risk losing my friendship are the ones who changed me. They had the heart to invest in me and the character to hold me accountable. They are the ones who created people like me and made us get a clue.

Your challenge is captured neatly in the saying heard from people of color on many college campuses: "It's not our responsibility to educate white people." True, it's not your responsibility. But look, you're educating us by telling us that! That's the best kind of education because it takes very little effort on your part and it forces us to deal with you on your own

continued on page 12 ...

I also appreciated the few people who told me to my face why they didn't like my speech, especially Olga who took me aside and said: "I hated your speech. I don't want white people moving to the ghetto...etc." We talked for a long time and I believe our views can be reconciled. (By the way Olga, I am dying to see your first film. I hope some of the cool rich kids at Hampshire have the sense to become investors because you're gonna blow the fuck up.)

Fear and privilege: A college education

by Rebecca Ashleigh

The most important thing that I have learned at Hampshire is that **you don't need a Hampshire to get a Hampshire education.** I've been struggling with this realization, wondering what I'm going to do with it, and right now I can't say that I have an answer. What I do know is that there are far too many people out there who would do anything to be where I am (in college), who for too many reasons won't get the chance. I'd like to see that change, to help make change happen, but more importantly I'd like to get the word out that the world that I have access to, the college, the knowledge, isn't mine alone. It's easy for me to say this from within the walls of my advantage. But the walls are wearing thin and over this privilege I have on leverage.

I can't agree with a system that necessitates a college degree in order to have the opportunity to have opportunities in life. I don't accept that so many people are given no choice about how they are to live their lives; I don't accept it because I have never experienced it. I don't want to and I think it is my fear of living the life that so many are forced to live that has kept me from breaking free. O.K., so I know that it may sound ridiculous, like I'm a kid with "everything" tormented by such a petty struggle: living with so much, but everything is not what I asked for and in my life, money is a crutch.

I don't begrudge anyone an education but all the same, I think college makes people victims, victims of their ignorance, the color of their skin, of their circumstance. I'm afraid it makes people victims because they are too poor or too rich to live their own lives. I'm

afraid that I am part of the problem, a part of the problem regardless of what I do.

One thing that I am clear about is that this schedule is wearing me down, it's not all I ever dreamed of for myself. **This isn't my dream coming true. Rather this is me being too fucking scared and too detached from myself to follow my heart.** How many people get this chance that I have, a college education? Not enough, not nearly enough and this fact alone urges me to persevere and holds me here. What kind of person would turn this down? Who ever has the option of turning their backs on all that I've got going for me? I guess you could say I've long been working through "my white privilege." I don't think I deserve it, but here I am, more aware than ever of who I am. **O**

Collective Humanity:

By Aaron Skoglund

I have been thinking a lot about why I annoy myself and why so many people annoy me when I am taking part in a group discussion about ISSUES and what to do about them. I'm realizing more and more every day that a lot of people just have not yet come to the point where they can take responsibility for their own actions and the actions of others. It is a tough process to begin, the process of analyzing your own reality and deciding which aspects of it are fucked up and need to be changed. It is really hard to say, **"What I have been doing for the last 18 years is fucked up and it not positively influencing my environment."** However, when you do, life takes on a whole new and more real meaning. Peep the philosophy...

Humanity is like one collective organism. Fuck that. Humanity is a collective organism. Like each of us it gets confused and stressed out. It also has moments and even long periods of beauty. Most importantly, every part of it depends on, and is affected and influenced by, the other parts. Each human is a cell in the larger organism with the capacity to become more healthy (physical, mental, spiritual) and influence others to do the same.

Here is where the problems start.

I respect that you don't want white people moving to your neighborhood in the South Bronx because for the most part white people don't know how to appreciate urban life or other cultures and usually we fuck up the vibe, call the police on local kids, don't shop in local stores, and raise the rents. I'm not asking you to play tour guide for white Hampshire students. Honestly, you don't have to worry. Most white people would never consider living in the South Bronx and I'm sure

What now? Discussion after Upski

by Rebecca Ashleigh

After the whole Upski experience there seems to be a recurrent feeling of "where to now?" On Thursday a group of about 25 students asking this question met in the Yurt to talk about where our inspirations and energy, fostered and encouraged by last week's event, would take us. Primarily we discussed various different agendas and angles from which we could address the many issues that were brought to light.

The possibility of starting a white discussion group, a place where white students could come together and feel comfortable and open to discuss race and class issues, both internal and external was raised. In my opinion, the time for such a group has passed, for too long we have been separate and safe and I think that it is time now to push ourselves outside our comfort zones. Students of color experience what must feel like white activities each day. I disagree with the idea of starting a group that gives white students a safe forum to discuss their own issues and conflicts about race and racism. After all, wouldn't that serve

to further the divide?

I think that **white students have been too safe, have been too isolated and protected from themselves.** It is not permissible that we work through this, attempt change and strive for better understanding and awareness on our own. More than that, it doesn't make sense. Oppression, repression, racism and classism are so thick, so destructive, and we plan to break down some of the walls that divide us by meeting as separate entities, continuing the segregation? It won't work. There's no reason that students of color should be isolated from any attempts at changing the way they are perceived and treated. A lot of what has been drawn to the surface are highly emotional and sensitive issues. I think that we, I, need to address them in a forum that is more inclusive, well-rounded and conducive to change.

In light of all of the enthusiasm and interest ignited by the panel last

weekend it seems that students are genuinely searching for ways to get involved. My concern is that this scenario has been played out many times before. After the initial inspiration has worn off it is far too easy to let the passion dissolve and become less involved. Hopefully we can all do something about this.

Another problem students face while attempting to become more active and aware is that of single issue/ single group isolation. There are plenty of groups, collectives, organizations, etc. on campus and in the surrounding communities, the problem is that there is a lack of unity amongst them. Despite all of the differences and barriers that have served to divide people, there remains the simple fact that we're all in this together. Thursday's meeting convinced me that one thing most needed is an emulsifier, something, someone, some way to make a greater number of the various groups more fluid and connected. I bet we could do a lot more if we tried to work together. **O**

Social Understanding at Hampshire

What right do you have influencing me? You're not healthy, in fact you're very sick and evil, but you have much influence over me (you are oppressing me). Who are you to say what I should be doing and how I should be eating? **Look, I like using soap, just leave me alone.** These are just some examples!

Basically, people who try to influence other people usually have not done enough introspection or soul searching themselves. People (especially at Hampshire where you are allowed) really need to examine what they think, say, and do and see how it affects the greater organism. If you're not sure, ask someone, do research, or take more time to think about it. If you don't do this then you are unaware. The more you do this the more aware you become.

The point is, you can't change anyone except yourself!!! You can help provide the inspiration, tools, and opportunities for people to change themselves, but you can't change someone. The best way to go about inspiring others is to be an example of someone who lives by his/her values, has pride in the things that he/she thinks, says, and does, and to always be aware of and open to new information and change. Inspiration is divine and it comes from inside of you. It is always there. Outside factors only help open the channels of inspiration within.

The revolution begins in the hearts and minds of each of us. Then it becomes our words. Then it can be our action. Peace and strength on the journey to a higher self, healthier community, and healthier world. **O**

you know were relieved when you told them it was a bad idea I'm just saying that unless you think ghettos are a good thing, there's only two ways to get rid of them. A) Let people from the ghetto move to white areas like Hampshire or B) For white people to move to the ghetto. Remember ghettos are not natural. They were created by white flight and disinvestment. You tell white people to go back to our roots? Many of our parents grew up in neighborhoods that are now the ghetto. And if you don't want white people to move to the ghetto, where do you want white people to live? In white areas where we are hoarding our resources and becoming ignorant? You don't want white people to live in the ghetto

William Upski Wimsett cont.

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terms. **If you're tired of educating white people, then it's because you're falling into the trap of babying us and educating us on our own terms.** We need to be treated as adults and shaken out of our terms. You need to force us onto your terms. Break us down. Call us out. And come on, educating white people doesn't have to be a chore. Have fun with us. Turn the tables on us and watch us squirm. Also, you have a lot to learn from our everyday evil. Yes, grab your share of power and security in this society. But the more powerful you become, the more your critiques of white people will begin to apply to you. There's a little white man in all of us.

Some people felt that there weren't enough solutions. Well what kind of solutions did you want? I told you to do the things you're scared of and feel the pain and grow. I told you to put yourself in situations where you are the minority or the victim to see what it's like. I told you to make a lot of money and invest it in grassroots leaders who are broke. I told you to make your academic work relevant to grassroots groups. I told you to make lots of friends and be honest with them and put yourself in situations where your friendship circles and extended families can begin to reflect the world family (Kurt Vonnegut's idea). I told you to make coalitions across groups that don't talk like the white hemp legalizers and black churches trying to protect their communities against incarceration. I told you to take charge of your own education, lose the crutches, and not get caught up in useless and nitpicking intellectual debates that go nowhere and make you feel smart, but cynical. I told you to accept yourselves and your families and to defy them if necessary. I told you to make yourself happy so that you can make others happy, and to make others happy so that you can understand yourself. I

told you to try to anticipate the perils of the 21st Century and to make 20 30 and 50 year plans, and to set yourself short term benchmarks to reach them. And not only did I tell you these solutions. I told you how I implemented them in my life and what a difference they made. And for those who stayed afterward, I helped people strategize about their individual situations. Personal decisions are what build the base to organize for any larger political solution.

What kind of solutions did you want?

Liz Werner brought up a couple of really good points. She said I/we were feeding into many white Hampshire students guilty "Oh I'm such a terrible person. Woe is me for being white" mentality. Everyone keeps talking about how my talk was all about white guilt. **What the fuck? I did not say one word about white guilt. That's a wild mis-interpretation.** The way the term "white guilt" is used really pisses me off because it cuts off the nerve of action. Every time people talk about white guilt they talk about it sneeringly as if it's this groundless feeling that doesn't lead anywhere except to condescension and hand-wringing.

Let's distinguish between guilt as a feeling and guilt as a historical fact which requires a moral person to take concrete action.

The factual question to ask about guilt is: Were there crimes committed? The factual answer to that question is: Yes, by current US law, crimes were committed by many white people against many people of color: Stolen land, genocide, slavery, theft, murder, war crimes, rape, etc. The evidence is all around us. We live on stolen land which many of our ancestors got for free or at bargain basement prices. Land which has accrued in value. Slavery which financed the industrial revolution

which is the foundation of our current prosperity. Now the next concrete question: Are the perpetrators of these crimes still at large?

Direct answer, no. Most of them are dead.

Indirect answer, yes. Receiving stolen goods, receiving stolen land, money laundering, nepotism, conflict of interest, collecting interest on all of the above. Participating in a social system of white skin privilege which has the net effect of mob action and economic warfare against communities of color. Obviously, these are lesser charges than on the first list, but they're still serious crimes. (And obviously, I'm speaking in generalities. A lot of poor white people haven't personally gained much from white skin privilege, and a lot of blacks and Native peoples have won back something through the same system). So there is a factual question of whether modern-day affluent white people are guilty of committing this second list of crimes. I believe the historical record would bear out that yes, on the whole, modern day, affluent white Americans are in fact guilty to one extent or another of the second list of crimes.

We can argue until the cows come home about the specifics of what we owe (how do you trace the lineage on stolen land? Do you peg your interest calculations to the inflation rate or the stock market? How do you measure the cost of cultural decimation?). But those are factual questions of guilt from which useful actions could arise such as war reparations. We gave billions under the Marshall Plan to the Germans and Japanese. Why shouldn't we do the same for blacks and Indians? The reason we have gone unpunished for our crimes is because we, the people in power in the United States are the ones who are the criminals so we would never put ourselves on trial. Imagine the case: US vs. rich white people. It would never

but Olga, look at who your closest white friends are. They're all white people who did their "homework" outside of Hampshire and exposed themselves to predominantly black and Latin environments. It's not an accident Olga, that the white people you like the most in the world are the ones who put themselves out there and put in that effort.

But at the same time, I'm not asking you to change your views. It's a creative tension: On the one hand, it's good for white people to move to the ghetto and it's good that you do not want us there. It's good for you to make us feel unwelcome

happen. That is why it falls to us, as moral people, to consider reparations on a personal level as a concrete question of debt. How much money, land and privilege would every affluent white person have to give up to repay the thefts of our ancestors? And what is my personal share of that debt?

Now, obviously, most affluent white people choose to ignore these questions, and to ignore our criminal guilt, as is our right under the current system of law. It's only a few crazy white people like me who prefer to look at our everyday lives through the lens of larger historical forces, and to hold ourselves personally responsible for defying the prevailing lies of our age. I don't give away money to punish myself or to make my life miserable as people commonly think. I do it because I am confident in my own abilities, I am grateful for the advantages I've had, I love people and I love to see them have opportunities. Hoarding what I have, taking it for granted, and acting on fear makes me feel cold and miserable. I have looked at my life through the lens of other peoples and other times, and having seen myself through these other lenses, I feel that living the way I live (quitting college, risking my life for things I believe in, living frugally, giving away money, etc.) even though my actions may be considered insane or irrational by contemporary American society, I believe history will judge people like me to be sane, rational, and ahead of our time. **Following this path is not painful for me except in superficial ways. It is sublime and sacred and real to me. It is what makes me most happy.**

I do not feel any guilt, except as an acknowledgment of my actual guilt for crimes committed. I am paying off my moral debts as best I can, and it makes me feel free and happy, like giving a wallet back instead of keeping it. Like being a

More William Upski Wimsett

vegetarian instead of a meat eater. It is what allows me to feel so comfortable in my skin, to love myself, to love all living creatures, to tell the truth, and to say what I think to anyone.

Love is not corny to me. Love is what's real to me. What people substitute for love is the corny shit.

Also, please don't look at me as a leader of anything. I was hired as a spark in a much larger fire orchestrated by my hero Molly Hein (Molly, don't get embarrassed. You are my hero. And you also know I'm trippin'. So don't edit this out). When Molly first called me, she had no idea how to get anything done on campus. She told me Hampshire was totally apathetic and that she was the only white student on campus who seemed to have a clue or give a shit about acting as an ally to students of color. Molly is one of the most incredible organizers I have ever met. Within two months, she had met most of the key players in campus politics and discovered, lo and behold, that two other white women, Eula Biss and Ellen Rosenthal were already organizing around race issues. And now she tells me there are eight to 10 core organizers forming a cool white people's organization, and a larger group of maybe 30 or 40 who are down to do something.

The first night I came to campus and saw all the posters, I was so embarrassed I wanted to hide and not be introduced to anyone. It's really hard for me to get used to the idea that people would ever really look up to me. I told Molly: "Yo, what's up with focusing on my personality?" I felt like this larger-than-life clown. She was like "No, you don't understand. People at Hampshire are not going to come to a talk about serious issues, I had to make it into this funny rock star thing so that everybody would show up to see what it was."

True. I went to the "discussion on classism" at the women's center on Thursday. Only five people showed up besides the facilitator, and four of us weren't even from Hampshire. A lot of people felt the end of the talk was disappointing. It fizzled out instead of banged. Here's what I should have said: College is a window of opportunity to take risks and make bold decisions in your life. You're not under your parents thumb anymore and you don't have kids or a career yet. And for God's sake, quit stressing about your schoolwork. You're not even getting graded. I have a challenge for everyone: make your school projects (your Div 1s, 2s and 3s) relevant to grassroots organizations that need your help. Whatever it is you are working on, I guarantee you there are grassroots organizations out there that could use your help. From computers to anthropology, film to ecology, all you have to do is find the right group and ask them how you could design your project in a way that they would find it useful. I guarantee this is true for every single one of you. If you don't see how, I will be happy to help you strategize and link up with a group. Then you won't have to sit around complaining about how "Hampshire is so isolated and irrelevant — RANDOM!" No, it's not random. You have to choose to make your schoolwork relevant. Then you'll be a lot happier and less cynical. You have a lot of power that you're not even using. If Hampshire students, with all your freedom, are not in the best position of anyone to save our ass from all the madness of the 21st Century, then I don't know who the hell is. And if you're not going to fight for your crazy dreams now, then when in hell are you going to fight for them?

I'm counting on you.

—love, Billy



by Richard M. Wright

This will be my second submission to this publication. Personally, I find it kinda ironic and amusing that I choose this venue to vent, especially after winning the "why I hate the omen" contest (thnx for the beer!) But after pondering the possibilities, this seems to be the best mode of expression to rant about how fucking frustrated and ambiguous I feel about the cancellation of that fun for all game, Assassins.

I was assured that I wasn't the sole reason that the game was canceled, but that my action(s) ranked among the top two incidents that made Chris Land-Kazlauskas decide that he could no longer be responsible for a game that had apparently gotten out of hand. Besides several prank call complaints, and one case where an assassin dropped out of a tree in full combat gear, brandishing what someone thought was a real gun, the other star performance was when a woman was chased by her assassin at top speed from the library, all the way to her Prescott mod. She did not enjoy that particular jog. Whether she was aware that this was in the context of the game or not, I don't know.

I do know that my victim was very aware that everything I did was only in the context of the game. But...

Let me tell you what happened.

I am going to refer to her as Muriel.

Muriel was my third assignment. The first two were really fun, because I ended up knowing both of my victims, Glen Hettema and Page. We laughed about it, gave each other props, and moved on. Page gave me his assignment, Muriel. Not knowing who she was, where she lived, or what she looked like, I looked her up on the Net Frogbook. I still didn't recognize her. I remember feeling a little weird, because this was a very different feeling "mission". Later on that Friday night, I

went to her mod. I found all of the window shades pulled down, and the doors locked. This was kinda disheartening. How am I supposed to continue playing, if there was no way to get my victim short of camping outside her mod? Living in mod 88, which has had possession of the 15 year old Hampshire legend, "the Velvis" on 3 occasions, I am used to a certain "code of honor." Namely, you can't lock your doors. I envisioned Muriel anticipating winning the \$50 prize by locked in here?"

"Speaking." "Hey sweetie. How was your trip?" "...who is this?" "Alex." "... . . . What is your problem?!" (slightly taken aback) I don't have one. What's your problem?" "I really didn't like your message!" "That's terrible." "... yes." "oh well, good night." click.

I started to wonder if she realized that I was her play assassin, and not a real stalker. So I called her room back 15 minutes later. A guy answered the phone.

"Muriel's room." "...um, is Muriel there?" "Who's calling?" (realization that she's screening her calls!) "Mark." "(distant guy voice) It's Mark.?" Muriel takes the phone.

"Hello?" "Is this game too hard for you?" Noise resembling the phone dropping, then hasty retrieval. Guy's voice. "Who is this ?!" (sinking realization that that stuff is out of hand) "Mark." "Mark who ??" (nervous breathing) "Kelley." "What do you want?!" (ditto) I'm in a game called Assassins." "Assassins?" "Yes." "What's your name again??" "Mark Kelley." "Thank you. Good night!" click.

Now, I'm nauseous. This wasn't fun anymore, much less a game. I took a shower with a troubled conscience. What should I do? I had no desire to even see this woman now, much less squirt her with a water gun. So do I stop playing altogether? Should I ask her for her assignment? Maybe we could arrange something with Prescott House. Maybe I could meet her in daylight and routinely

squirt her and get her assignment. I felt guilty and angry about the fact that all of a sudden I was transformed into a psychopathic stalker, responsible for some woman not being able to sleep well at night. I am not a stalker! I decided that I would call her mod phone, and ask to speak to anyone who lives there who was not Muriel, and explain that this has obviously been blown out of proportion, and what can we do about it.

I get out of the shower, and on my door, there is a note that says: "Call Public Safety." (actually, it said "col public safety", but I got the drift loud and clear.)

Incredulous, yet somewhere relieved that some form of resolution could probably occur, I called them back. I asked the officer if this was about what I thought it was. "The Assassins game?" yep. I told her about my thoughts in the shower, and she seemed glad to hear that at least I realized that this was no longer a game. I learned that the whole mod had mobilized around her. I could tell from the "guy's" voice that she had quite clearly infected the whole mod with hysteria. She said she was going to call Muriel and arrange some kind of truce. I hung up and shook my head. What The Fuck. I told some people about my predicament. Everyone was in disbelief. The officer called back, and told me to call Muriel on her mod phone, not her room phone. She added that I should step lightly, as Muriel was still really sensitive. So, I called. I apologized, explaining that this was not my intention, that I too am receiving prank calls, (so were other players in my mod, as they excitedly reported) and that there will be no more phone calls. In conclusion, I apologized again, to which she accepted, in a somewhat short, monosyllabic manner, after explaining that she is out of the game. Feeling kinda silly and superficial, I meekly asked for her

I want to thank the Mod mates in 96 for making me feel at home
I want to thank Nikki, Trevonn, Fala, The pathfinder guy Ken Danforth and the Clean Elections guy Paul Engler for speaking
I want to thank everyone who funded us.

Assassins: Really. It's just a game.

Assassin assignment. (Yep.) She semi-snorted, and said that I would have to consult the house office for that information. And that was the last time I spoke to Muriel.

The game was canceled the next day. I will be the first to admit that what I did was scary, but the blindingly obvious question springs to mind: **If you are a paranoid person, living in a paranoid environment, why the flying fuck are you going to sign up for Assassin and invite someone to stalk you?!** The rules are succinct. The point is to craftily get to your victim and "kill" them. This is a role

playing game, and each person assumes the persona of a cunning predator. She knew that after all the drama, the very worst that would happen is that she'd have a little wet spot on her shirt. She however found it pertinent to involve public safety. Now, people come up to me and tell me that I ruined the game for everyone. Why? Because someone thought it would be cute to sign up for this assassin game she had no intention of playing. This game has been played before, and there were no problems. What happened this time?

The ambiguity of my situation lies in my anger about being construed as a stalker, and as someone who took the game "too far." Excuse me if I failed Stalker Etiquette 101, but... that's the game! I don't

think I took it too far. Yet, I also feel really bad about inadvertently terrorizing this woman.

In the future (if this game is ever allowed to be played again) I would urge people to think about the ramifications of the game before they join. Don't start walking with mace living in fear of a stranger with a water gun. And if you can't deal, then call the organizers, NOT PUBLIC SAFETY. If the idea of looking over your shoulder and living in a generally adrenaline boosted state of mind doesn't appeal to you, don't sign up. It's more than you having to be a cunning assassin, you also have people after you. And that is the game.

Just a fucking game.

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Dippy questions and interpretive dance continued ...

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biggie. "What sort of jobs are you able to get with an Amherst degree?" And, of course, according to Carrie, Amherst graduates are very employable. Many companies come here looking for graduates. Many students go on to graduate school, yadda yadda. I asked about party life on the weekends. She said, "Well you could always watch football all Saturday afternoon and get drunk all evening, but I'm not into that scene. Today I" And she goes on a list of extracurricular events that she is involved in, further evidence to why she is a tour guide.

Some more dippy questions were asked

about bus systems or something. Since this tour wasn't going as I had hoped I struggled to come up with something weird.

Me — I know this seems like a weird question, but I'm gay and you didn't mention any gay organizations when you were talking about student organizations. Are there many gay people around? Her-There are a lot of gay organizations on campus. Some are more "warm and fuzzy" and some are "hard and political."

And that was that. She urged us to fill out a tour evaluation form. I took one and commented on how perky she was, wrote "You've been had by the Hampshire

College Omen," and dropped it in the box. Some things I learned:

- 80% of the students participate in athletics. Many take Phys Ed classes which are quarterly for no credit. Athletic events are big deals — "We are Division 3!"

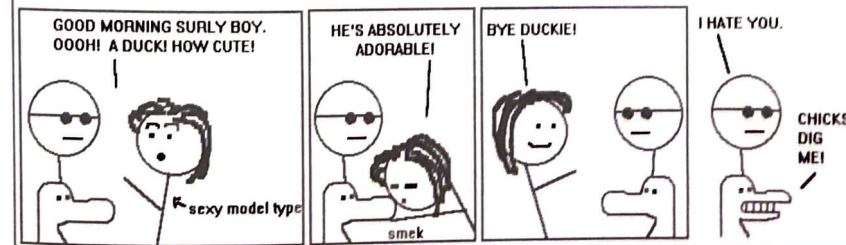
- Smith and Mt. Holyoke students go to Amherst a lot, basically because it has men.

- Amherst is famous as being "The Singing College." Famous where, I don't know. I've certainly never heard of it.

- Next time take notes instead of a recorder. Stupid thing didn't record a damn word.

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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK by Jacob Chabot



Real men go to real schools

by Jacob Chabot

Sunday, November 9, 2:00 pm
I was standing in front of the Amherst College Admissions Office in the rain. The college was deserted. I started to wonder if there was actually going to be a tour. My mind started to wander... Surly Boy T-shirts, Surly Boy shot glasses, Surly Boy: The Movie probably starring some ex-Saturday Night Live guy, maybe Norm Macdonald, Surly Boy: The Album and concert tour...

"Excuse me, are you here for the tour?" It was the tour guide. She was too bright and chipper for that kind of day. I guess that's why they made her a tour guide. Then again, she did have an umbrella. At least there was actually going to be a tour. A girl and her mom and another girl and her dad showed up.

To prepare for this tour, I had a hand held tape recorder hidden in my sleeve. I also hadn't showered in a few days. I hadn't even bothered to comb my hair this morning. Anything I could do to make them tell me to go to Hampshire. Unfortunately, Carrie (the tour guide) — To start off, why don't we go around and introduce ourselves and tell what we're interested in.

Me — My name is **Rick Stafford and I'm interested in interpretive dance**, and basically all forms of dance.

Carrie - Really, so am I! Right now I'm involved in several productions in dance performance.

Me - quiet about the subject of interpretive dance for the rest of the tour.

My plans were off to a rocky start.

This tour guide seemed like she could've been shipped in from Hampshire. She had that whole damn "life is wonderful and great and I love the rain! I do!" attitude. Then again, she did have an umbrella.

We started walking. She, as all tour guides learn to do, walked backwards.

"Tell me if I'm about to walk into a car or a light pole or something," she said.

"Car!" I yell, **trying to spice things up.** Nobody thinks I'm very funny. The tour shifted into factual mode. Carrie started spouting all of this pre-learned information about some building, and how Amherst went co-ed in the 70's from being strictly male, did away with frats in the mid eighties, have controversial culture houses, and so on, and so on. I started to zone off again, trusting that my recorder would pick up anything interesting.

My mind snapped back to attention when she started to talk about five college stuff. Out of the other four, Hampshire had the longest sound bite, "Hampshire college is an alternative college, which means that there are no grades, no schools, or majors or anything. You just go there to learn," followed by a girlish laugh. I guess she wasn't shipped in. A white stretch limo passes. The tour continues.

Carrie points out their president's house, across the road from the college, and started talking about

what a great guy he was. He was involved in some kind of student activity, had students over for dinner often, and had breakfast with them. This last part sounded familiar and I wondered if Hampshire tour guides ever talked about Greg Prince this way.

She stopped talking and asked if there were any questions at this point. I guess we weren't passing any interesting buildings. I asked about taking classes at "that school with no grades." I was hoping for more, but apparently she hadn't taken any courses here. "You can take classes at Hampshire, but you have to make them give you grades. The professors are very willing to give you grades because they were in school once and they remember what it's like."

The girls asked some usual college tour questions about academics. We passed the cafeteria and she started talking about the food. "We have vegetarian and vegan options," shut down another of my pre-planned questions and/or complaints.

The rest of the tour was pretty uneventful. We stopped in the dorms to look at one of their two room triples. No students around stifled my question about being able to get any pot around here. We passed a big round stone war monument. Carrie warned us of a superstition that if you sat on the monument, you would never graduate from Amherst. I was tempted, but decided it wouldn't go over well.

We had reached the question answer period at the end of the tour. One of the girls' parents asked the

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